Fantasies

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Fantasies

by toggledog

Summary

Hannibal and Will decide to enact the fantasies they had of each other before they became a couple. Will is disturbed and disbelieving that Hannibal's fantasy involves fine dining him and then making love to him, paying absolute devotion to him (at odds with their usual rough sex). Hannibal may be a psychopathic serial killer, but he's a psychopathic serial killer who fell in love, and has his own insecurities when it comes to the only person, out of over seven billion people, he has any true feelings for.
Will's fantasy, on the other hand, is far darker...

A part of my 'Post Fall' series but can be read as a stand alone.

Chapter 1

The harsh cawing of a crow broke though the barrier between sleep and waking, forcing Hannibal to consciousness, and recognition of a distinct lack of Will in their shared bed. Rising, Hannibal pulled the dressing gown on the end of the mattress over his goosepimpled naked flesh and padded out of the room and down the ensuing corridor, where the murmuring of voices vibrated his eardrums. Opening the door leading to the lounge, as always, his attention was first drawn to his beloved. Will was facing away, his curly hair, grown wilder in the year he had succumbed to be his murder partner, peaking over the top of the sofa. Hannibal's attention was then drawn to the television. The volume was low, out of respect for himself.

"Police are baffled as to the disappearance of their main suspect in the horrific murder of five women in the York area," the reporter on the television screen stood on the steps leading up to the neoclassical stone walls of the York courthouse.

Amusement lifted Hannibal's lips and he bent down and kissed the top of Will's head over the couch, before skirting around and settling in beside him. Despite the pitiful rays of light attempting to peak their way through the window blinds evidencing the extreme early morning, Will was dressed and had, evidentially, also showered.

"I take it they're referring to Paul Mchaustus," Hannibal said.

"The police aren't doing their jobs. They should have found the foot we planted by now," Will frowned.

"They will," Hannibal said, taking his partner's warm hand in his.

Outside, Will's dogs regressed into a frenzied volley of barking, as though in fierce agreement of their owners' dastardly plans.

"The extra protein in their diet has invigorated the dogs," Hannibal said.

Will turned his head to face him, lips quirking. "And you. I must have worn you out last night. You appeared to be in a very deep sleep when I woke this morning."

"Not too worn out to go again," Hannibal said, scrapping a finger along the bristles of Will's jaw.

The quirk of lips uplifted to a genuine smile and Will leaned forward. Will's mouth tasted of bitter early morning coffee, his soft curls under Hannibal's fingers at odds with his rough facial hair. Will was in every way a contradiction. Physically boyishly pretty yet with a strong masculine allure, he appeared concurrently innocent yet deadly, was both vulnerable to the brilliance of his mind and yet thrived off its maliciousness.

Hannibal pulled away, cupping Will's jaw in his palms, thankful to whatever deity there was that this man had consented to join him in the darkness. One who could understand him with

a completeness he didn't consider even possible.

Who is really the manipulator in this relationship?

"Still as alluring as when I first met you in Jack Crawford's office," Hannibal mused.

"*As* alluring? So, my alluring-ness has levelled out in the year we've been together?"

Oh Will, you silly beautiful man.

"Your innate male beauty continues to physically ache me…"

Will rolled his eyes and broke from Hannibal's grasp. Talk of his good looks always caused Will to pull away or stiffen, in awkward strain. As per Hannibal's request, on occasion, he dressed appropriately for a man with such stunning features; in finely tailored silks and tailored suits. However, his preference was what he wore in that moment; lacklustre chequered shirts and jeans. It was a mark of his beauty that his bland clothing wasn't a distraction.

"But this alluring quality goes beyond such observations. I don't need to explain the absolute hold you have over me, your mind, your mere presence," Hannibal continued.

Will grabbed Hannibal's hand and kissed the palm. "It's interesting…. You're the romantic in this relationship."

"As being in love is a remarkable occurrence for a psychopath as myself, yes, wouldn't you say it is logical that the response would be an obsessive romantic attachment to the only one I have any empathy or love for?"

"Not true. You had empathy and love for Misha."

"I will pay that one. And empathy and love for Abigail, as I would a daughter."

At the mention of Abigail's name, Will released Hannibal's hand. Even now, years later, she remained an issue of contention between them.

"Right until you slit her throat."

Hannibal clenched his fingernails in the flesh of his palms. They had gone over this multiple times and yet never reached an impasse.

"I loved her as much as I could, at the time."

"No," Will folded his arms. "You wanted to hurt me. I rejected you and that was your response."

"The plan, from the beginning, was to realise the truth of you both-"

"Hannibal-"

“For us to be together as a family. Us as lovers and partners and Abigail as our daughter.”

The giggles that erupted from Will’s larynx would have been cute, had it been any other circumstance.

“Murder family…” Will ran a hand through his hair, messing up the curls in an even more adorable fashion. Hannibal resisted the urge to touch him. “I’m sorry, Hannibal. We’ve gone over this so many times…. The past is that. And I’m here now.” Blue eyes reached Hannibal’s brown and he grasped both of Hannibal’s hands in his. “I’m here with you.”

Each day with Will was fraught with tension, even those where Will was free with laughter and they were planning their ‘fun’. Hannibal believed Will when he told him he loved him, was in love with him. But he could never understand the depths of Hannibal’s own need for him, to explore every facet of the man who had successfully, and against all odds, captured Hannibal’s heart.

No one else mattered. Not Jack Crawford, who Will still kept in tentative and, secret from the rest of the FBI, contact with, not Will’s colleagues in his part time job as a university professor in a small English town. If all were to die, it would not affect Hannibal in any way. The whole population of planet earth, all seven billion souls could be sent to whatever afterlife existed, and Hannibal wouldn’t stop to mourn any, but for Will.

Hannibal recognised his vulnerability. Will loved him, yes, but he could move on from him. Fresh in Hannibal’s mind was the fact that, for three years, Will lived a fulfilled existence without him, with a wife and son and friends. To Hannibal, other people, even now, were clay to which he could mould to his desires.

At times, he envied the ease in which even the socially awkward Will slotted into other relationships. Hannibal was forever in the dark, unable to comprehend Will’s genuine tears after departing crime scenes involving children, or his righteous anger at discovering one of his colleagues had been abused by her former partner.

It took ironically falling in love for Hannibal to observe how lonely he had been, how separate from others. Bedelia had once told him he had a ‘man suit’ that he placed on, inferring he wasn’t human, could only pretend to be human.

This held true, for the most part.

But for the man before him, whose brows were now crinkling.

“Hannibal?”

Even despite his own admitted love for Hannibal, Will could leave him and would find love and protection from others. Jack Crawford would make certain he served no jail time. Hannibal would go along with the story that Will had been forced to go along with him, under threat of his own murder, and to protect others.

Will had others who loved him, supported him.

For all of the dinner parties they held in which Hannibal held court and Will sat awkwardly waiting for the last of the wine to be drunk, and the deliberate weave of Hannibal's charm to ease Will's colleagues and friends, Hannibal ultimately only had Will. Only wanted Will.

"You are in love with me?" Hannibal asked.

"No, I only have constant sex with you and hang around with you and stay here and *murder* with you, risking everything because I mildly like you," Will's tone was clear in its sarcasm.

Sated, Hannibal pecked his lips.

Of course, Will had torched his past by running away with Hannibal. However, despite what people like Freddie Lounds would suggest, he simply wasn't the psychopath that Hannibal was. Even with the murder of the most vicious of people- and Will always chose their victims- there would always be a time, as per that morning, when, after the murder, Will would obsessively watch the television news. He would search for proof, from others, that the murder was righteous and needed. Will didn't deny his own blood lust. However, his ultimate empathy with others demanded that, as much as the murders sated him, they also took an emotional toll, in which he struggled with his morality.

"Are you alright this morning?" Hannibal asked. "What has the news said?"

"I don't regret what we did last night," Will said. "If anything, I relished in it." Again, his mouth twisted in a lopsided grin. "It's always fun to take on other serial killers."

"Hm… indeed…" Hannibal gave in to the impulse to ruffle Will's hair.

"So, you were talking about our first meeting…" Will's lips on Hannibal's neck raised the tiny hairs on the supple flesh. "You've already admitted you masturbated thinking about me. When exactly were those thoughts?"

"First time?" Hannibal said, stroking up and down Will's back, as soft kisses continued down his neck, sending thrills of desire from the light impact on the flesh. "That night."

"The night before you came to my house with breakfast?"

"That morning, seeing you in your boxers gave me more… visual stimulation."

Will giggled. "Give me details…" he murmured against Hannibal's flesh.

"What if rather than tell you, I show you?"

Will pulled back, intrigue colouring his blue irises.

"Now I *am* interested. Not that you have ever hurt me when we are intimate but we're going into unknown territory here, so I'll remind you the safe word is brush."

"There will be no need," Hannibal said. "But what I will need is time. I would suggest you take your dogs to the river for a few hours."

“Are you going to set up some sort of elaborate torture device or-?” Will’s tone was more of concern than true alarm.

“Nothing of the sort, I merely wish to make lunch.”

“Your sexual fantasy of me involved *food*?”

“Is this surprising at all?”

Will’s forehead furrowed. “Does it involve eating a portion of me?”

Hannibal shook his head. “The food is inconsequential, mere background to the fantasy. However, as I have a rich fantasy life, my fantasy involved me cooking for you a scrumptious meal, to have those lovely large eyes light up at the sight.”

“Even without the whole serial killer cannibal thing… You’re an odd man Hannibal.” Will kissed his earlobe. “Okay, I’ll take the dogs to the river.”

*

Observing Will lift the spoon into his mouth, eyelids closed at the taste of the crème parfait before his adams apple jolted as he swallowed, Hannibal could wait no longer.

“In my fantasy,” Hannibal said, moving off his chair and kneeling in front of Will. “It is our first interaction together. After the meal, you are puzzled as to what I am doing. But then…” He unzipped Will’s jeans and pulled them and his trousers down to his ankles.

“You want?”

Will’s pupil’s dilated as he nodded, his cock rising to a half erection. Stroking with his hand, Hannibal lowered his head, eagerly taking him in his mouth. Even Will’s cock was attractive, curving straight up, at a girth and length that was impressive but not overwhelming. As he vigorously jolted his head up and down, his tongue swiping around the turgid flesh, Will’s ensuing whimpers were as erotic music to Hannibal’s ears to cause moans of his own. Will’s hand reached up to his hair, stroking the short strands, causing Hannibal to relax his throat to allow Will into him, conjoined, together, as one.

Come for me Will. Come for me. Come into my mouth.

Will’s whimpers reached a crescendo as his cock jolted in Hannibal’s throat. Moaning, Hannibal swallowed, eager for Will’s bitter come, for the substance to reach his digestive system, as sustenance to him as the meat that he procured.

“That was nice…” Will moaned, as Hannibal moved his cock out of his throat, before licking the last splatters of come from around the tip.

“In my fantasy,” Still kneeling, Hannibal looked up to Will. “I tell you I want to take you into my bedroom and make love to you.”

Will nodded, a trail of sweat trickling down his neck. Forgoing the urge to lick the salty water, Hannibal pulled his partner's underwear and boxers off and undid the buttons on his shirt before dumping it to the ground, leaving Will naked before him.

"You are a Botticelli painting," Hannibal said, trailing a hand down Will's muscular chest. "Come."

Taking his hand, Hannibal lead him down the corridor to the bedroom.

"I would like to try something," Hannibal said, as Will sat down on the bed, gazing up at Hannibal with a curious expression. The fantasy was only mildly spoiled by Will's lack of anxiety as to what Hannibal was planning. He strolled over and cupped Will's jaw.

"I won't hurt you," Hannibal said. "I promise you that. If you are in any way uncomfortable let me know."

He walked over to the chest of drawers and withdrew a scarf before slamming the drawer shut.

"Lie down on the bed," he ordered. Will lay down, automatically placing his hands up over his head. As he tied his wrists to the bars of the headboard with the scarf, Hannibal was torn between the delicious sight of Will's submission and the unreality of the fantasy play. In his fantasy, Will would have been rightfully concerned and questioning of Hannibal's bondage request… before, of course, conceding.

"In my fantasy…" Hannibal trailed the pads of his fingers over Will's squirming stomach and legs. "I ask you if you have been with a man before."

"Have I?" Will asked.

"Answer truthfully. Before our first encounter in Jack's office, had you?"

Will shook his head.

"But *you* had."

"After meeting you, I had no desire for any other intimacy with other men," Hannibal said, squeezing Will's left nipple as he stroked his still softened cock. "My obsession with you prevented such idle thoughts."

"Again, such a romantic."

Hannibal returned Will's smile and reached into the top drawer for the lube, parting Will's legs as he entangled their tongues together once more, taking his time to press his fingers into his lover, one then two then three, with plentiful lube, as he kissed and stroked the sinuous flesh of his torso, relishing the hard muscle underlaying, licking his salty neck, tasting of his bitter coffee mouth, causing Will to writhe and beg for more.

"Patience, Will," Hannibal whispered, before slipping down to his cock, and taking the now full erection into his mouth, utilising now four fingers to breach him.

Their lovemaking typically didn't need as much foreplay, furthermore, generally involved much rougher practice. Will's inner thigh and stomach, as well as his right shoulder were purpled with love bites courtesy of Hannibal's teeth, the night before.

"Fuck me, fuck me now…" Will ordered.

Hannibal pulled back and hastily discarded his own clothes, revealing the bruises Will had made on his own body from his teeth, one on his hip, another on his own shoulder.

"Please…"

Hannibal soothed more lube onto his now aching cock, eased Will's muscular legs around his waist and entered him slowly, relishing in the warm pull of his interior. Grunting, Will sharply thrust forward, slamming Hannibal to his full length inside him.

Patience my love…

Pressing down onto him, and sighing at the warmth of his flesh beneath him, Hannibal used his weight to hold him still, as he lay, unmoving. Will's hips jolted beneath him, in an attempt Hannibal recognised not as a struggle but as a need for him to keep going. Trailing his hands over his thighs, as his mouth sought Will's once more, Hannibal moved; slow, shallow thrusts, at odds with their usual rough coupling. Moaning, Will thrust up and down in a harsh motion, in a clear attempt to have Hannibal thrust faster.

"Patience, my lovely Will. I want this to last…" Hannibal now explored the flesh of his arms, delighting his tongue with the stubble that crossed Will's chin before continuing down onto his neck.

"Touch me Hannibal," Will ordered.

Hannibal took his cock in his hand, stroking in time with his languished movements.

"Faster… please…."

Hannibal acquiesced, moving faster but not as his typical roughness, stroking in time with his thrusts. Both now thrusted together, up and down, in a dance. Yes, this was lovemaking, this was what he had envisioned for his beloved, not only in the violence they shared but also in their gentler moments. Will came first, cheeks flushed, mouth open, dark eyelashes fluttered shut. At the sight of Will's culmination, Hannibal allowed himself to reach his own, flinging his head back and crying out Will's name, as he came over and over inside his velvet interior.

Hannibal allowed both the luxury of a comedown, before gently removing himself from Will's now well used opening and sitting back, to admire his sweaty, trembling form; his come splattered across his stomach, hair now in such vast tangles a swatch of stray strands had stuck to the sweat of his cheeks and forehead. Hannibal tenderly wiped them off with his fingers, before pressing his mouth to the salty flesh, kissing his cheeks, his forehead, his nose, his chin, his supple lips, continuing down his neck, moving down around the purple bruise down his muscular chest.

“You are so beautiful Will. Every part of you I wish to pay homage to…”

Light kisses down his stomach, his hip, even up and down his cock, the firm muscle of his thighs, his legs and dainty feet. Will giggled as Hannibal kissed his toes, before he clambered up and pressed lips against his biceps then down his wrist to his long artistic fingers. He then untied the scarf before urging him over onto his stomach and redoing the scarf once more, to tie his lover back to the bed.

Hannibal continued his soft kisses down Will’s back, paying particular attention to the smooth globes of his ass, tickling his lips once more on the hairs on the back of his legs, before prying his buttocks open. A trickle of come slid down onto the white sheet. Groaning, Hannibal slid his tongue inside, needing to taste, to experience his own come as he’d left it inside his willing lover. Continuing to kiss, lick and plunder Will’s asshole, he reached his hand around to stroke his flaccid cock.

“Not gonna happen, Hannibal,” Will said.

Determined, Hannibal continued to stroke him, as his tongue punctured his asshole.

“I’m telling you; this isn’t going to happen. But if you want to fuck me, go ahead…” An odd resignation sounded in Wills tone.

Frowning, Hannibal moved up his body abandoning his efforts and pressed himself against Will’s back, kissing his earlobe. “You sure?”

“Go on, go ahead.”

Hannibal positioned himself and slid inside his lover, gripping his hips, as he moved fast, groaning at the experience of his silken interior gripping his already overly sensitive cock. In acknowledgment that Will wasn’t receptive but was merely allowing the penetration, Hannibal didn’t prolong the lovemaking, building up to the second climax within the hour and shuddering as he thrust more come inside his lover. Sliding out, he undid the scarf. Will instantly rolled to the side and sat up.

“What the hell was that, Hannibal?”

“What was what?” Hannibal was still trembling through the after effects of his second climax.

“You’re telling me *that* was your fantasy?” A scornful expression creased Will’s delicate features.

Hannibal blinked. Even as a psychopathic brilliant psychiatrist, Will, as ever, continually baffled him, with the convoluted meanderings of his brilliant brain.

“Not entirely, we did introduce a safe word-“

“Why did you do this?” Will asked. “I don’t understand what the point of lying about this.”

“Lying about what?”

“About your first fantasy of me!” Will snapped. “It’s hurtful for you to lie to me in this way.”

“I admit, Will to some confusion as to why you are upset. Please elaborate.”

“Please elaborate….” Will rolled his eyes. “You’re saying your first fantasy of me involved *making love*… slow careful love…. You…. the psychopath who was intent at the time on manipulating me…”

With Will, Hannibal experienced emotions he had not conceived to be possible. The initial moment this dagger slamming into his chest occurred had been years earlier, with Will’s first (of many) rejection of him. It had taken days of self-reflection to accurately label the emotion as ‘hurt’.

“At the time…” Hannibal swallowed the intense emotion creeping up his oesophagus down. “I was not aware of your dark capacity. I only considered you to be a beautiful and yes vulnerable man with such an incredible capacity for empathy.”

“I am not weak!”

“No, not weak Will. Not even then did I consider you weak. There is a difference between vulnerability and weakness. Even now, such is your complexity that concurrently vulnerability and strength form equal parts of your being, darkness and light. But yes, I fantasised about making love to you because there was a chance you would concede.”

“You already told me I wasn’t the teacup Jack painted me as,” Will said, features smoothing.

“Even then, I was aware this was a man I wanted to know better. I suspect subconsciously, I was aware of the change you would cause in my life. My fantasies thus were of you coming to me willingly, allowing me to be gentle with you, as I introduced you to lovemaking with a man.”

“Even though you weren’t the least gentle in introducing me to the darker aspects of myself.”

Hannibal smiled. “Maybe it was that you are so pretty I wished to pay homage. Could be that simple.”

Will’s dark eyelashes skittered down.

“I’m sorry, Hannibal. I’m constantly second guessing you. Must be exhausting.”

“I consistently betrayed you in the past. It makes sense you would have trust issues.”

“But I also betrayed you,” Will said tangling his fingers in Hannibal’s hair. “Why don’t you have trust issues with me?”

“I have… fears you will leave me… You must be aware of that…”

Will pulled him forward into a tight embrace. Hannibal placed his hands around his back and breathed in the citrus of his hair, his Will.

“Hannibal…” Will pressed his cheek against Hannibal’s naked chest. “So, I’m not the only one who’s vulnerable in this relationship. Who would have guessed? It’s okay. I love you and I’m not going anywhere.”

“And I you, Will.” Hannibal shuddered, burying his nose in Will’s curls.

Will pulled back, mouth twisting in a smirk.

“How about we now fulfil one of my fantasies?”

Tbc…

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

Thanks to all who have read, sent kudos and comments. :)

"What do you wish to re-enact?" Hannibal asked, as Will stood before him, pupils dilated so large his blue irises were a miniscule outline, his chest heaving, scarf in his hands creasing and looping with his kneading motions A light flush dusted his cheeks and his lips creased in a feral expression, which slammed Hannibal's heart brutally against his chest wall.

"Get undressed," Will ordered.

Upcurling his own lips, Hannibal unbuttoned his shirt and tossed the garment to the floor, before removing his trousers and boxers and repeating the procedure. Typically, he maintained a tidy space, with his clothes in their correct spot, before commencing lovemaking. However, he was so intrigued as to what Will had planned, he didn't care.

"Let's go into the bathroom," Will said.

Nodding, Hannibal followed him.

"Hands up," Will said.

Hannibal placed his arms up over his head, allowing Will to tie his hands by the wrist up around the shower curtain bar, using the scarf.

Will stepped back, eyes running up and down Hannibal's frame.

"Much better," Will smirked before departing the room.

Hannibal rolled his wrists, noting that he could release himself from the binding easily but, out of curiosity, continued to remain tied up, for the moment.

Will returned to the room, clutching an item behind his back.

"When I was in prison, I would have such fantasies of you." Will's voice trembled. "Your betrayal of me…I longed for vengeance." He withdrew the kitchen steak knife from behind his back and placed the blade gingerly against Hannibal's throat, against his adam's apple. "I fantasised about slitting your throat, bathing myself in your blood."

Hannibal kept eye contact, trusting, certain Will wouldn't hurt him. Will's pale irises flashed with opaque emotion before he trailed the blade down Hannibal's neck and chest, as he slid

to his knees, taking Hannibal's now aching erection into his mouth., the knife resting against his partner's hip.

"Yes, Will…" Hannibal groaned, giving in to the moment, to allow the soft warmth of Will's mouth, combined with the rough tugs of his hand, to zap bliss around his enraptured being. Large blue eyes looked up at him, adding to his passion, as he watched the plush lips move up and down around his cock.

Will pulling away caused Hannibal to groan with the loss. Smirking, Will fumbled through the bathroom cupboard for the Vaseline, before coming back to kneel before Hannibal, parting his legs and cluttering the knife to the ground, as he shoved a Vaseline laden finger inside him, his mouth resuming its work. Hannibal jolted his hips in time with Will's voracious sucking, groaning as Will added more fingers, stretching him. Though Will generally preferred the power of bottoming, every so often, they switched and Hannibal allowed Will to fill him.

Standing, Will stood behind Hannibal, still jerking him, as he placed three fingers inside him, adding a fourth.

"You want?" He asked.

"Do it, take me," Hannibal groaned.

The fingers pulled out and warmth pressed against his back, the knife pressing against his throat.

"I could do anything to you right now," Will said, other hand stroking his cock blossoming ecstasy throughout Hannibal's body. "Could spray your blood all over the bathroom."

"You could," Hannibal admitted, his voice calm, despite the enraptured danger of the situation.

"Luckily for you, I just want to fuck you."

"Then fuck me," Hannibal said.

Will groaned, slamming his slicked cock inside his lover. Hannibal moaned at the thickness filling him, slamming against his prostate with each thrust, the knife steady against his throat.

"I trust you, Will," Hannibal said. "I know you won't hurt me."

"I won't?" Will didn't cease in his movements, slamming into his sweet spot again and again, their rapture building. Hannibal maintained calm, not wanting to finish just yet.

"You won't."

Will whimpered, thrust sharply three more times and groaned, warmth filling Hannibal, the knife cluttering to the ground.

As he released, panting wildly, Hannibal pulled his wrists free, grabbed Will's own wrists and forced him down to his knees on the floor, grabbing the knife from the ground and placing the blade on Will's throat, as he knelt behind him, erection poking at his ass.

"You wanna fuck me, Hannibal?" Will asked. "You wanna hurt me?"

"I want your submission," Hannibal admitted. "Total one hundred percent submission."

Will flung his head back, reaching behind to grab Hannibal's right hip.

"I trust you," Will said. "Do what you want with me. I won't fight you."

Hannibal grunted and entered him in a harsh thrust, causing a startled gasp from his partner.

"Are you scared?" Hannibal thrust gently, moving the knife down and pressing the blade against his left breast.

"In my fantasy, you weren't scared, you were accepting, allowing me to fuck you, allowing me to slit your throat. You were consenting for me to fuck you, to even ultimately murder you."

"How generous of me…" Hannibal said, thrusting faster and harder, allowing the heated pull of Will's insides to scrunch up his facial features in ecstasy.

"I was… pretty messed up at the time…" Will said, an abrupt giggle passing his lovely mouth. "Not as opposed to now, where I'm completely mentally sound, committing murder with my serial killer love and fucking him with a knife to his throat."

Hannibal groaned and thrust faster, trailing the knife up his chest to his throat again.

"Was this your fantasy?" He whispered in Will's ear. "Me placing a knife to your throat."

"No, not like this…"

Oh...

Hannibal stilled, moved the knife away from his neck. "Do you want me to stop."

"It's okay, Hannibal. I trust you. You have no desire to hurt me. This is more… interesting. I'm intrigued as to what you're going to do next."

"I could do anything, this is true," Hannibal didn't cease with his harsh thrusting. Will's cock was not responding. Perhaps the refractory period from the last erection was too soon. "Is it a disappointment to you that I merely plan to penetrate you until I ejaculate inside you?"

"Not in the least… come for me, Hannibal," Will placed both hands now on Hannibal's hips to urge him to move faster.

Hannibal cluttered the knife to the ground. "If you insist…" He thrust faster, latching his teeth onto Will's neck, breaking the flesh as his passions culminated, his come shooting

inside his willing partner.

Gasping, he released himself.

Will turned around and picked up the knife, staring at the item with a distinct frown.

“I’m sorry, Hannibal. I’m not sure what happened there…”

“Why are you apologizing?” Hannibal asked.

“Are you okay? I just fucked you with a knife to your throat.”

Hannibal grinned at Will’s concern. He continued to titillate Hannibal with his adorable nature.

“To which I was completely consenting.”

“But it was messed up. I’m so messed up.”

Hannibal gently took the knife from his hand. “This is me you’re talking to, here.”

“I enjoyed it… both placing the knife at your throat and you placing it on mine…” He shook his head.

“Will?” Hannibal gripped his shoulder, surprised to detect a tremble beneath the soft flesh.

“What’s wrong with me?” Will said. “Why did I agree to that? Why did you?”

Hannibal dropped the knife to the bathroom floor once more and gently cupped Will’s jaw in his palms, angling the delicate face up.

“Because we trust each other and know we won’t harm the other.”

“It’s a mark of the bizarreness of our relationship that I sometimes question why you, the psychopath, put up with me and all of my… idiosyncrasies.”

“Will…” Hannibal swiped his thumb along his lover’s jaw. “You forgave me for my treatment of you when we first met, yes?”

“Of course,” Will brought his hands up over Hannibal’s.

“Why do you forgive me more easily than you do your own self?”

“The human condition, I guess.”

Hannibal indulged himself with Will’s tongue entangling with his, before leaning his forehead against his lover’s.

“You didn’t harm me, Will. I was completely in the control the entire time, though your concern is as adorable as you are.”

“Always in control, Hannibal…”

Hannibal shuddered, pulling Will closer to him, indulging in heated flesh against heated flesh.

“My dilemma is in constant need to be with you. I even tried cutting into your brain. But it wasn’t enough. We can make love countless times, I can be inside you with my penis, my tongue, can seep my come deep inside you but it does nothing to sustain my urges. At times, even while you sleep, I still want you.”

“Really? Why haven’t you partaken?” Will’s eyebrows raised.

“Because I would presume you wouldn’t be aggregable…”

Will pulled back. “You presumed wrong. I you want me; you can have me. Even if I’m asleep. I give you my permission.”

*

“Will?” Hannibal pressed kisses down his sweat slicked spine.

“Mmm…” Will nestled further into his pillow.

“Do I… have permission?”

Will rolled and entangled his legs with Hannibal’s.

“You have permission.”

Sated, Hannibal bent his head forward and kissed Will’s forehead, allowing for Will to nuzzle his shoulder.

“Sleep, Will. Sleep.”

Will kissed Hannibal’s neck once more and settled back on the bed.

Hannibal waited.

Will’s chest rose and fell, his breath inaudible to Hannibal’s ears.

Hannibal continued to wait.

Will’s chest wall rose slower, his breath, as oxygen filled his lungs, deeper, louder.

Hannibal did not touch him.

Will’s breathing slowed further, his chest wall rising higher with each intake of oxygen, his breathing louder, signifying a deeper sleep.

Hannibal risked reaching out to swipe the hair from his face.

“Will?”

Will continued with his deep, even breathing.

“Will?” Hannibal rose his voice a higher octave.

Will didn’t respond.

Hannibal indulged in his full lips, trailing his tongue down to his neck, allowing his hands free range over his legs, arms and torso. Will continued to not respond, blissfully unaware in his sleep. Hooking Will’s leg up and over his hip, Hannibal slammed into his opening in one jolt, groaning, using Will’s body for his own pleasure.

Yes my love.

He grunted, biting Will’s neck. It wasn’t enough, he needed to bite it open, to have Will spray blood onto him, to come and come until there was nothing left…

No.

Hannibal yearned not for Will’s submission, not for his bloody death, not even for his mere consent, but for his willing, ecstatic passion; for him to be with Hannibal as he was in every part of his life, for them to combine, become as one.

Hannibal sighed, ceased moving and pulled out.

“Will…”

Will still didn’t stir. Hannibal considered waking him, fucking him so hard he screamed with each delicious thrust, begging Hannibal for more.

No, it wouldn’t be proper. Hannibal placed a kiss against his forehead. He would allow himself and his beloved sleep before enacting any more intimacy.

*

Will rolled over, so his warm chest pressed against Hannibal’s, head resting against his shoulder. Hannibal sighed, trailing his fingers through Will’s soft, springy hair.

“I’m rather sore today…. That’s interesting…” Will said.

“I did penetrate you last night…”

“True…. Before we went to bed…but the question is… what happened after?”

“I penetrated you while you were sleeping, this is true.”

Loud giggles erupted from Will’s sweet mouth.

“So, I’m truly that insatiable to you?”

“With your permission I tried… but it was ultimately not in my interest. My interest in making love with you is not in you being non responsive. You are not a mere doll for me, Will, in which to sate my needs.”

“I’m surprised I didn’t wake up! I really am a deep sleeper.”

Hannibal allowed the deep rumble of his own laughter to vibrate his voice box.

“What do you mean you ‘tried’?” Will asked.

“I penetrated you briefly but your complete non-responsiveness made it impossible for me to find any pleasure in the act, so I stopped.”

Will raised his head to face Hannibal.

“So, you *can* control yourself, when it comes to me?”

“I am always in control, even when it comes to the one who is the *closest* to destroying that control.”

“It would be amazing to have that… to always feel in control… always *be* in control.”

Hannibal reached for the handcuffs by the bed, cuffing his own wrists around the bars of the headboard.

“Then take control now.”

Will grinned and slid down Hannibal’s body.

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